



Stothard del. et sculp. del.

Scott Sculp.

M. BROWN in the Character of LUCY;
Papa has sent me hither to be courted.
Published June 30. 1786 by W. Lowndes.



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THE 3.
VIRGIN UNMASKED:

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
IN ONE ACT;

WRITTEN BY
HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

With the VARIATIONS in the
MANAGERS BOOKS
AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL
Drury Lane AND Covent Garden.

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M.DCC.XCI.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.	HAY MARKET.
Goodwill, - - -	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Powell.
Blister, an Apothecary, - -	Mr. Suet.	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Mofs.
Coupee, a Dancing-Master,	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Brown.	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Quaver, a Singing-Master,	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Waterhouse.
Thomas, a Footman, - -	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Evatt.
Lucy, Goodwill's Daughter,	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs. Brown.	Mrs. Kemble.

N. B. Some Parts of this Entertainment are performed only at DRURY LANE,
and other Passages only at COVENT GARDEN.



T H E

Virgin Unmasked.

SCENE, *a Hall in Mr. GOODWILL's House.*

GOODWILL *solus.*

WELL! it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. I am at present, I thank Heaven, and my own industry, worth a good £. 10,000 and an only Daughter, both which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations.

I have sent to summon 'em. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine.—Here she comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you send for me, Papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, Child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, Papa.

Good. Be not frightened, my dear Child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little Dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, Papa, O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her six-

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teenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. A coach! No, no: What has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why you know, Papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing in the world!

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find, you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*] I tell you, Child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What! had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that—But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I. THOMAS, I CANNOT.

*Do you, Papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we sha'n't disagree, Sir,
No sparks will take to girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix my coach and fix,
I warrant I'll get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
I warrant, &c.*

Good.

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Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Plant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations—Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fie, Papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may tell your father.

Lucy. No; Miss Jenny says, I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry. Tell me, I insist upon it.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw, in my whole life-time, I like Mr. Thomas, my Lord Bounce's Footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh fie upon you! like a footman!

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either 'Squire Foxchase or 'Squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His head is so prettily drest, done all upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little hat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd fowl; and he always carries a great swinging stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with, who was to offer to

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bite me. A footman indeed! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do, and she says, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is.—Ecod, I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach, and that, methinks, I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amazed! But I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl, worse than all.—What, Child, would you have any one with a coach? Would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II. WULLY HONEY.

*When he in a coach can be carried,
What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are married,
I'm not such a child but I know.
But if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I can go by myself,
And he may even stay at home.*

Enter Blister.

Bliss. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid, by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose; truly, Coz, I sent for you on a better account—Lucy, this is a relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my Cousin Blister, the apothecary.

[Blister salutes her.]

Lucy.

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Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Bliss. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Bliss. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physic between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, Papa, with all my heart—I hope I shall never see that great thing again. [*Exit.*]

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message, and will perhaps more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolved to see her settled without farther delay. Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations; and have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Bliss. With all my heart, Cousin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; tho' I am in very good health.

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Bliss. A little feverish—I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no; I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physick to yourself, dear Cousin. [Exit.

Bliss. This man is near seventy, and, I have heard, never took any physick in his life, and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life-time. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies, the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse. I never made love in my life.

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my mistress—What a plague shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come; but they say I shall be whipt there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliss. Won't you please to sit down, Cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [Aside.

Bliss. Pray, Cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself! my Papa finds me—

Bliss. Yes; How do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o' Nights?

Lucy. How! why sometimes one way, sometimes another.

Bliss. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Bliss.

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Bliss. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Bliss. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nuncheon.

Bliss. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that—I wish he was gone with all my heart. *[Aside.]*

Bliss. I suppose, Cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I must do what he bids me.

Bliss. May I then hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Bliss. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray tell me what is the matter.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Bliss. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Bliss. No, my Dear.

Lucy. Why then, by goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you. *[They rise.]*

Bliss. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such

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such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look a you; and if my Papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Bliss. Did you not tell me just now, you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR III. NOW PONDER WELL, &c.

*Ab, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!*

Bliss. Well, my Dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my Dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most Couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliss. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously—Ah, but there

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there is one thing though—an't we to lie together?

Bliss. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Bliss. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by goles! why this is pure; la! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must have never liked any one but my husband, and that if I should, he would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself, that I could like another man without letting him know it, and then a fig for him.

Bliss. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories; I warrant they have told you, you must be governed by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Bliss. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be govern'd by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage, and another afterwards, for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Bliss. No, Child, I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns on my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! But how will you make 'em grow?

Bliss. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by goles! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! Do, tell me how I shall do it.

Bliss. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

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Lucy. By goles, then, you shall have horns
enow; but I fancy you are joking me now.

AIR IV. BUFF-COAT.

*Ah, Sir, I guess,
You are a fibbing creature.*

Bliss. *Because, dear Miss,
You know not human nature.*

Lucy. *Married men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without horn.*

Bliss. *Ah Child! you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,
Men now are so wise,
They carry their horns in their pocket.*

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head,
for I shall like 'em better than any other thing
about you.

Bliss. Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliss. Yes, my Dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you
should call me so.

Bliss. Oh Child, all married people call one
one another *My Dear*, let 'em hate one another
as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my Dear—Hum!
I think there is not any great matter in the word,
neither.

Bliss. Why, amongst your fine gentry there is
scarce any meaning in any thing they say. Well,
I'll go to your Papa, and tell him we have agreed
upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Bliss. Your servant, my pretty Dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your servant, my Dear. Nasty, greasy,
ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing
though,

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though, I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles, I'll make him know who is at home.—Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as any thing else; now says my husband to me, *How do you do, my Dear?* Lard, my Dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. *Pray, my Dear, let us dine early to-day.* Indeed, my Dear, I can't—*Do you intend to go abroad to-day?* No, my Dear. *Then you will stay at home.* No, my Dear. *Shall we ride out?* No, my Dear. *Shall we go a visiting?* No, my Dear.—I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am resolved; and then Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my wits.

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, Cousin; but your father has been so kind to give me admision to your fair hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! what a fine charming man this is!

Coup. My name, Madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my Dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I, only Mr. Thomas taught me, one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend

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amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a dancing-master: my Papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your Papa says! What signifies what your Papa says?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my Papa says?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own inclinations. I think, if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*] Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, Madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and write a letter too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevated fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things—He's a pure man. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of
your

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your love, the least spark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever could quench. O hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed.—Shall I hope you will think on me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know.

[*Aside.*]

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master would have cured her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that, but—if you'll wait a fortnight.—

Coup. A fortnight! bid me to live to the age of ——— of ——— Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever lived.

Lucy. Mr. Methusalem.

Coup. —Aye, you're right, Mr. Jerusalem!—live a fortnight after you are married! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O do not do that; but indeed I never can have you, and the apothecary says, no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I wou'd not have you think I love you. I assure you I don't love you; I have been told I must not tell any man I love him; I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy,

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Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; 't is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like.

[*Aside.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope.—Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I wou'd not give you the least bit of hope, tho' I was to see you die before my face.—It is a pure thing to give one's self airs.

[*Aside.*

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied even at that price, [*Pulls out his kitt.*] Ha! cursed kitt! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck, dingle, dangle.

There shall you see your dancing-master die,
As Bateman hang'd for love—c'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!—La, Sir, you're so hasty—Must I tell you the first time I see you; Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and no body knows which she'll have yet, and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that will.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted though.

Coup.

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Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance! why there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason, as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold, there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my Dear?

Lucy. Only I promised the apothecary just now, that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel; and now one, two, three and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh dear, sweet man! he's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord: he is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and, ecod! almost as well dressed. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, by goles! if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one.

AIR V. WHITE JOKE.

*Oh, how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flander lace and 'broidery cloaths,
O how I'll flame it among the beaux!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night,
O how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it, and dance it, coquet it, and play;
With feasting, toasting, jesting, roasting,
Rantum, scantum, flaunting, jaunting,
Laughing at all the world can say.*

Oh la! what's here? another beau!

Enter

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Enter Quaver.

Quaver. Madam, your servant. I suppose my Cousin Goodall has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my Papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one: my name is Quaver, Madam; I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of fingering.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice cannot: a voice must be the gift of nature, and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. But at present I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VI. HAYDNE.

Quav. Dearest charmer!

Will you then bid me tell,

What you discern so well,

By my expiring sighs,

My

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*My doating eyes,
My doating eyes,
Look thro' the instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
All nature tells you what I'd say.*

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quar. May I hope you'll grant——

Lucy. Now you shall hear my song.

A I R VII.

*As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday
He took his leave of me, and so went away.*

*The very next time that I did him see,
He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me;
I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
It is T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.*

*Says he, if you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,
A husband I'll make you both loving and kind;
And now to the church, my dear, let us repair,
Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.*

*My father's possess'd of nine hundred a year,
And I am his daughter and only heir.
Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear,
If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.*

*They went to the church and were married, they say,
And went to the father the very same day,
Saying, honoured father, we tell unto thee,
That we're M, A, R, R, I, E, D.*

*With that the old codger began for to stare,
You've married my daughter and only heir;
But since it is so, to it I comply,
With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.*

Lucy. Another song, and I'll do any thing.

A I R

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AIR VIII.

Quav. *Dearest creature!
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Dearest, &c.*

Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quav. And ev'ry night too, my angel.

Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. OF ALL THE SIMPLE, &c.

Coup. *Excuse me, Sir; zounds! what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lye.*

Quav. *Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.*

Coup. *Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad,
But I'm very glad that you don't.*

Quav. *Do you challenge me, Sir?*

Coup. *Not I, indeed, Sir.*

Quav. *Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.*

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress, to my face?

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AIR X. MOLLY MOG.

Lucy. *Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.
With you I am ready to go, Sir,
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff; [To Coupee.
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. [To Quav.*

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confusion! *[They draw, Lucy runs out.*

Enter Blister.

Blister. For heaven's sake, gentlemen! what's the matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disordered. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! what, are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Bliss. Fencing, quotha! they have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you. You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have lived all your life-time in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Quav. Dear Cousin Coupee.

Bliss. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here's another relation too, whom you
do

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do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blift. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a little gentle physic.

Good. Gentlemen, I sent for you on a very particular affair. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations; and if you should happen to be her choice— [*To Quaver.*]

Blift. That's impossible, for she has promised me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that falls on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blift. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leaving off my trade.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

Quaver and Coupee. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, Cousin, if she should make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference though between us; mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable—This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

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Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find—

Coup. And I find too—

Bliss. And so do I. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of physic. Without physicians, who would know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! Confusion! What do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow.

Enter Lucy and Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, Papa, give me your blessing: I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas.

Good. O Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear Papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more—Indeed I should have been perjured, if I had not had him—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frightened, and I did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have good acquaintance in life, I have kept very good company at the hazard-table, and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again; and I trust that, by my future conduct, I shall not prove myself totally unworthy your regard.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow;

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fellow; and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice, than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgement at present, and pass it hereafter, according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

Good. Well, I am now convinced, 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR X. THE YORKSHIRE BALLAD.

Blister.

*Had your daughter been physick'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With bleeding and blist'ring, and vomiting and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.*

Coupee.

*Had pretty miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
God's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his Down, down, &c.*

Quaver.

*Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had thus never tickled her ears,
With his Down, down, &c.*

Lucy.

*You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.*

*Let not a poor farce, then, nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.*

Chorus.

Let not a poor farce, then, &c.

THE END.

